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CONTENTS.

English Opera—French Theatre,	147
The Mendelssohn Union,	147
Theodore Thomas' Garden Concerts,	147
American Pianists in England,	148
Artists said to be Coming,	148
John Brougham's New Polka,	148
Dramatic Review,	148
Berouse,	149
Correspondence of Bach Thalberg Hoskins, Esq.,	149
Portrait of the Abbe Liszt,	150
The Managers and the Musical Mutual Protective Society,	151
A Descendant of J. Sebastian Bach, [a Writing Medium,	152
New Books,	152
Foreign Literary Intelligence,	155
Sketch of Victor Masse, the Composer,	155
Paris Gossip,	156
Musical Gossip,	157

ENGLISH OPERA—FRENCH THEATRE.

The only change of performance at this establishment during the past week, was the production of Donizetti's charming comic opera, "The Child of the Regiment," for the benefit of Miss Caroline Richings. The house was full, every seat was taken, and the audience was very brilliant. The temperature was about 150 in the shade, and the air inside was hot enough to cook an omelet. Architects seem more than ever ignorant of the science of ventilation. They seem to aim to imitate closely as possible the atmospheric freedom of the black hole at Calcutta, and the resemblance of the French Theatre to that agreeable place is very remarkable.

The opera was very fairly performed. Miss Richings, as Marie, looked well and acted well, and sang the music tastefully and correctly. She was very cordially received by the public, and their satisfaction with her performance was expressed by frequent encores, very generally demanded. Mrs. Mozart was a very efficient countess.

Mr. Hill, the Tonio of the evening, has a sweet and excellent tenor voice, and he uses it fairly. He is also a spirited actor, but both his singing and acting betrayed a certain trepidation and haste which permitted of no repose. He was so anxious to do all he could that he overdid even to exaggeration. Still there is much good stuff in him, which may be molded to a profitable use on the English stage. Mr. Edward Seguin sang the music of Cartouche in his usual artistic manner, but he needs more dash and swagger to personate the rough old soldier effectively. The choruses were sung spiritedly and correctly, and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Dietrich, was very good indeed.

Excessively hot weather forbade more than a moderate-sized public for Mr. Eichberg's little operette bouffe, at its first performance last Monday evening, but those present found his miniature comic opera quite enjoyable, although witnessed under a more than ultra tropical heat. "A Night in Rome" is one of the briefest of the brief operatic performances we have ever observed, as it occupied little more than one hour in performance of its three scenes. Its extreme brevity doubtless commended Mr. Eichberg's operette bouffe to enthusiastic admiration, so that its spiritual flowing music, funny situations, and the generally excellent vocal and dramatic illustration of his ideas, hit the public full, despite a few unaccountable hitches in stage action or dialogue. The plot of this piece is simple, yet sufficient to carry the public interest through its brief narration.

A barbarous celebrity in a village near Rome, determined on a third wife, endowed not only with youth and beauty, sprightliness and intelligence, but a well-invested fortune, appears in the opening scene—well got up, by the way—and endeavors to serenade his betrothed into reception of his love. This character, made up by Wylie, a la mode de Starved Apothecary in Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, was admirably given by him both in song and action, so admirably indeed that his estimation here instantly rose many degrees toward enthusiastic regard. His rival, a gondolier, personated by Mr. Campbell, had great advantage in personal appearance, but his enactment of the character lacked animation, readiness, and close heed of stage effect. His excellent voice told well in a duett with Miss Richings, and in the brisk snappy concerted music with chorus and principals. Mr. Ketchum earned, in his double parts, even greater credit for ability in the low comedian's line than his display of that peculiar grade of comic talent gave him in "The Doctor" or "The Daughter of the Regiment," great as the estimation there obtained really was. He is a rare instance of genuine buffo in a Yankee born actor.

Miss Richings, save that her voice occasionally betrayed over-work in rehearsal and nightly performance, thoroughly presented the character and music of Ninetta, commending herself again to hearty approval for excellence as a dramatic singer who imparts to every situation all its required point, expression, and effect.

The band and chorus moved in sympathy with the principals when concerted, and the accompaniments were given well, so those important accessories to operatic performance satisfied all parties.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Among Mr. Maretzek's recent engagements we find the name of Signor Ronconi, the greatest buffo singer of the present day. Signor Ronconi is now singing in London, and has renewed his former triumphs by his inimitable singing and acting

with Adeline Patti. The London papers are enthusiastic in his praise. Signor Ronconi is also great in passionate dramatic rôles, in many of which he has no rival. We may congratulate ourselves upon this splendid addition to our operatic strength.

THE MENDELSSOHN UNION.

The New York Mendelssohn Union closed their season, 1865 to 1866, on Thursday evening last, with inauguration of their newly elected board of direction, the President elect, Dr. Wm. H. Allen, making a neat and effective speech to recognize the honor conferred by his selection to preside over that choral association, with frank avowal of his sincere desire to promote by official action, its prosperity and unity.

The late President was not present on that occasion to make his parting address, preferring, no doubt, as on several public occasions, to enjoy modest retirement from official and personal duties.

In the free and hearty proffers made at this meeting, of material aid for cancelment of existing liabilities, there was strong evidence that with a change of President come a marked change of feeling, and now that relief from anxiety on the score of its management, appears in a presiding officer who cares only for the welfare and musical proficiency of the association over which he presides, there is promise of better days and more efficient, commanding action both hearty and united, from all its performing members.

The Mendelssohn Union occupies a remarkable vantage ground, and can, if it so will, attain to pre-eminence among American choral associations.

THEODORE THOMAS'S GARDEN CONCERTS.

Notwithstanding the variable weather of Saturday, Mr. Thomas's afternoon concert at Terrace Garden was largely attended by a very fashionable audience. The programme consisted of overtures, waltzes, gallops, and operatic selections, all of them admirably arranged, and performed with a spirit and a close attention to artistic coloring, which reflect the highest credit upon their leader, Mr. Thomas. The selections are most judicious, consisting of light and elegant compositions, well contrasted as to character, and all of them calculated to please a miscellaneous audience, and also the most critical judgment. Mr. Thomas has shown himself admirably fitted to control such an undertaking, for although his instincts are well known to be the classic in art, he has wisely kept them in the background on this occasion, and at the same time he has arranged programmes to suit the most fastidious tastes. The public warmly appreciate his efforts, and show their satisfaction by their loud plaudits and frequent encores.

The Solo performances at these concerts

attract much attention, and as the soloists are all members of the orchestra, some notion may be formed of the character of the band which Mr. Thomas conducts at Terrace Garden. Mr. Bernstein, second violin in the orchestra, performed David's Fantasia on "La Petite Tambour," a very difficult piece, with much grace and finish. He has an excellent tone, his execution is neat and clear, and he exhibits both taste and sentiment. He gained on each occasion a hearty and well deserved encore. The attendance on Saturday evening was very large indeed. There must have been over 1,500 persons present. The performance was excellent, and the programme popular and pleasing. A concert will be given every night this week, and one on Saturday afternoon. Up to this time these concerts have proved completely successful; but as the weather becomes warmer and more settled, the success will be more marked in its results, for amusements out of doors will become as much a necessity as it is now the fashion.

THE CENTRAL PARK BAND played on Saturday the selection of music announced in the papers of the day. Even as it was, however, the cosmopolitanism of the New York population was fairly represented, with a predominance of the American element, for—according to an American gentleman then and there present, it is "only the Americans than can afford to play the gent at 3 o'clock of a weekday afternoon."

At the conclusion of Part I. it began to rain, and continued pretty heavily until the conclusion of Part II. This caused a general stampede in search of shelter; but the public not finding the shelter so convenient as desirable, concluded they might as well be wet standing to hear the music as running half a mile to find cars, and returned. The finest *morceau* of the programme was, to our mind, the *Overture to the Pretender*, by Kuchner. It is a *sinfonia* remarkable for the effective harmonic instrumentation of a rich, original melody. With this piece our citizens have not had any opportunity of becoming familiar, and we are satisfied the public would thank Mr. Dodworth for repeating it. The *Overture of the Pretender* and the five selections from Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, were the pieces with which the public expressed themselves the most gratified. After listening for two hours with an interest in the subject which, especially under the circumstance of a heavy shower, we never saw equaled in a European capital, the assemblage dispersed—evidently imbued with the conviction that the music in Central Park is one of the successes of New York civilization.

AMERICAN PIANISTS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Harry Sanderson is at present in London. We regret to say that reports as to his health are not very favorable. He will, however, shortly appear before a London audience in two concerts.

Mr. J. N. Pattison, the well-known pianist,

is also in London, and has determined to try his strength against the world-renowned players who make that city their home during the regular season. Mr. Pattison has points of excellence, and plays certain pieces in a manner which cannot fail to attract attention.

Mr. Richard Hoffman—who, as a pianist, has few superiors either in this country or in Europe—is on his way to England, where he purposes spending the Summer months. If his usual modesty does not stand in his way, he may play in London before his return here. Should he do so, we are satisfied that his advent will be hailed with pleasure both by the public and the press. The night previous to his leaving this city, his lady pupils engaged Dodworth's Band and gave him a very beautiful serenade—an attention that was a proof of the high estimation in which he is held.

ARTISTS SAID TO BE COMING.—It is said, upon good authority, that those excellent artists, Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, will shortly visit this country. They are celebrated in England for their brilliant and popular Parlor Operas. They are the sole performers, but their talents are said to be so varied and so excellent that they attract crowded audiences nightly, and keep them charmed and delighted by the rare excellence of their personations and their vocal accompaniments.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, artists in precisely the same line as those above-mentioned, are also said to be coming here in the autumn. They are Americans, and have won brilliant reputations in England. Critical journals speak highly in their favor, and if they do come here, they will assuredly be heartily welcomed.

THE LATE ORPHEONIST FESTIVALS.—The subjoined polite recognition of Mr. Hopkins' exertions among the Charity Children, who assisted at the Orpheonist Festivals, is so rare an attention to a musical artist, especially when it is remembered from what social stripe it comes, that we cannot forbear copying it:

New York, June 19th, 1866.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS:

DEAR SIR: The Executive Committee of the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum desire to express their sincere thanks for the gratuitous instruction afforded by you to the children of that institution the past season.

Excuse the tardiness of this acknowledgment. It should have reached you sometime ago; but various things have prevented its previous transmission, although it was never forgotten.

Respectfully yours,
[Signed] MARY H. LORD, Sec. &c.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S NEW POLKA.

[From The Stage.]

It seems scarcely half a season since John Brougham had made of every man one met a humming bird, and set the town singing the merry melody of his sparkling effervescing Bob-a-link polka, and now again his prolific and versatile genius has given birth to another

of those musical infants which seem to succeed each other with all the rapid luxuriance of the celebrated fruits in the enchanted garden,

Scarce one is gathered
Ere another grows.

This time he cannot plead the palliation of the young lady found in frailty, "it is only a very small one, Ma." The Scotia Polka is of more pretentious proportions than its predecessor, and is dedicated to Captain Judkins of the "Scotia," to whose able seamanship, crossing the ocean last October, New York is supposed to be indebted for the safe return of John Brougham—her special darling and delight—as well as of many of her fairest favorites of fashion. Great things from little things often arise, and this polka is whispered by the seamen of the "Scotia" to have caught its inspiration from a small squall which sported for a little while in romping dalliance with that gallant vessel off the coast of New Foundland, and which the imagination—some miscreants say the terrors—of Mr. Brougham immediately clothed with the dignity of a storm. All the various phases of "the gale," which occupied exactly the time consumed in the playing of the polka, are vividly pictured. "The tempest tumbles," "the wind whistles," "so does the bos'n," "the storm speaks," "the commodore commands." Mr. Brougham, in those trying moments of danger, in which woman looks to man for support and encouragement, bears himself with a calm fortitude and heroic composure which inspires confidence all over deck, "the rainbow smiles the storm into peace," "the squall is silent, so is the bos'n." Mr. Brougham's pent up feelings burst their barriers, he bursts into tears, he throws himself into the arms of some one near him, "general joy, drink, and various things of that class," &c.,—all pass before you with the wave of Mr. Stoepel's charmed wand. Captain Judkins himself, that brave old sea horse, who, when he snuffs the storm, cries ha! ha! and flings the ruffian waters like dewdrops from his mane, was present several evenings, and seemed to hugely relish the survey of the surrounding storm, and angry aspect of things in the orchestra, from the tranquil moorings of a private box. But, in sober earnest, "The Scotia" is a most charming, happy inspiration of one who seems destined, like his countryman, Sheridan, "to do many things better than any man of his time."

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

"Pocahontas" was performed last Monday evening at the Winter Garden, and, as I predicted, fun—unlimited and uproarious fun—was the consequence. There is a vein of humor in this burlesque that is always sure to test the risibilities of an audience to its utmost capacity, and although almost every play-goer knows the play and puns by heart, there is always a certain freshness about them that is perfectly irresistible and which carries away the audience in a burst of unbounded merriment and enthusiasm. Several new jokes of a local character have been added to the burlesque, all of which are in Mr. Brougham's happiest vein and call forth peals of laughter from the most sedate.

Mr. Brougham as the stern, but jolly, Indian parient is perfectly immense; the personation is the perfect acme of burlesque—the swaggering,